Tania

Camper Van Beethoven

Oh, my beloved tania
How I long to see your face
Photographed in fifteen second intervals
In a bank in san leandro
A polaroid of you, cinque
With a seven-headed dragon
In a house in daly city
Don't be sad, my beloved tania
They say your father never liked stephen weed anyway
Hired a detective
To follow him around
Oh, my beloved revolutionary sweetheart
I can see your newsprint face turn yellow in the gutter
It makes me sad
How I long for the days when you came to liberate us from boredom
From driving around from five to seven in the evening
My beloved tania,
We carry your gun deep within our hearts
For no better reason than our lives have no meaning
And we want to be on television

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